

ALMOST A FIGHT.

titing Scene in Justice
 Austin's Court.
 A CHINESE BONDSMAN
 Hardesty and Police Offi-
 cers Come Together—
 Men Arrested for
 Contempt.

telling scene took place in Justice's courtroom yesterday morning preliminary examination of one George Ark bondsmen for perjury.

Hardesty, Esq., represented the defendant. He was accompanied by attorneys interested for the people, Police Captain, who has the Chinatown district up, the case with the assistance of counsel, who is also a member of the Chinatown squad, was present in court today to interest in the prosecution of the Chinaman.

The progress of the case Bevan's was called to the transcript in the Eastern District Attorney, and when it was found that the defendant under indictment when he qualified on his affidavit, he is asked to see it. Mr. Phillips over to him, and while he was a fellow-officer called his attending office and he put the document on the table and turned his moment.

He again reached for the document and he handed it to the defendant. Upon return that document to me, Mr.

and Bevan, reaching his hand for the money, paid no attention to the request for a receipt and it caught hold of the document. Then a flash of indignity was up, he ripped out an oath to the effect "if a-b—" could take a paper as a signal for a fight, and had it for Officer Hosqui and others, who were sent the other way. The bloodshed, as a bitter feeling it is some time on account of Harrierson's action with the money.

Bevan has been associated with, as the Court realized what was ordered both men placed under arrest and cited them to appear in Court to show cause why they should be held for contempt of Court.

When he proceeded until noon, when was taken.

He took the courtroom was crowded with people who were to hear the trial of the Court, but His Honor evidently did not feel in a humor to deal with the badgers, so he adjourned the hearing to 11:15 tomorrow morning.

After created considerable talk on the subject, especially among the lawyers and all seemed to be in sympathy

...for the reason that it has
 been common for lawyers repeat
 themselves to abuse and mistreat
 a poor man who has anything to do with a
 case.

BISHOP VERDAQUER.
 Bishop Hs Farwell Sermon
 Next Sunday Evening.
 The number of our friends of Bishop
 Farwell, more generally known as
 Father Peter, held a meeting at the
 parlors and decided to give the
 reception, the following Commit-
 tees being appointed:
 J. J. Rejzette, Syle Barnett, J. M.
 J. J. Christie, J. J. Christie, H.
 Misses Mollie Harnt, Naida
 Memendy, Mues. W. S. Maxwell, J.
 S. K. Baker, J. K. Chaimers, D.
 L. Sautous, J. McMenmy, Mary
 D. D. Murphy, Angelo Carouel,
 E. E. Gibbs, F. Lecovreure,
 Radbury, Misses F. Sepulveda, Rita
 Mary, Mary, Mary, Mary,
 Barbara Schneider, Francisca
 D. F. Dumeau, John
 Mues, J. F. Fisher,
 J. J. Mesmer, Esmer Los Angeles,

workman, Miss J. Acheno,
 Carlisle, Wm. Boye's High-
 Joseph Wolfskin, Mrs. G. Del Amo,
 ; Miss M. Dillon, Mrs. C. D. Ba-
 Lisa Montoya, Mrs. J. Hannon,
 ; Miss A. Carson, Miss L.
 ery, Counton; Mrs. J. Barclay, Mrs.
 Mrs. Ben. F. Felt, Mrs. J. H. Felt,
 an, Wilmington; Mrs. Archibald Macchi-
 onna.
 also decided to invite the Bishop to
 the final sermon at the Cathedral on
 evening, August 23, at 7:30 o'clock.
 all Catholic societies will attend
 the service. A general invitation
 the Bishop's friends to be present,
 sic by the choir will be of an ex-
 high order, and specially arranged
 occasion.

THE CROPS.
 Weekly Reports from Voluntary
 correspondents.
 Following is the weekly weather and crop
 of Southern California, based on
 from voluntary crop correspondents,
 published by the United States Weather
 Bureau at Washington, August 4:
 The wheat season in August:
 of Idaho (G. C. Shurtz). The hot weather
 in such places very rapidly, which will

smaller part on light soil. The average (George E. Franklin)—The temperature ranged from 75° to 65° below the normal during the cooler part of the week while the latter showed an excess of 2° on the average being an excess of 2° on the average. Generally clear weather prevailing during the middle of the week in the afternoon and evening. Rain on the mountains and in the eastern part of San Diego County. (C. M. Heurne (S. L. Mack).—Owing to the use of small amount of fog at this time the yield of the crops is not so good as it was a little, but cannot give information as to the extent. (J. H. Harnes and J. H. Harnes (E. D. Bus).—A portion of the week has been quite warm, the thermometer on the coast has been in the 70's and 80's. Grain threshing is in active progress. There are largely storing barley awriters after harvest.

(M. L. Heurne)—Reports a price of .10 of an inch in precipitation the week, and a daily excess of 2° temperature.

GEORGE E. FRANKLIN,
Observer in charge.

The Ellis Case.

temon was made Friday by the San Jose Presbytery to commence the trial of Pastor Ellis of the Central Presbyterian church, the charge of seducing a minor. In appealing from the spiritual and civil court, and for using abusive language to the members of the presbytery, the progress was made in starting the case. The presbytery received a complete and unanimous objection raised by Dr Ellis that necessary ten days had been allowed for the service of the citations. The case then went over until to-morrow.

To be Call d the Belmont.

Dr. W. W. Conkley, whose long connection and excellent management of the Belmont was well known to the people here. This is one of the best and most pleasantly situated hotels in the kind in the country. Rooms, and large and airy, and have the somewhat unusual recommendation of all being furnished super and there are bath and hot and cold water on every floor and roof.

The dining room languish in its way, cheerful and very inviting. The is being renovated from top to bottom, when the upholsterers, painters andators get the rug will be in exquisite. Two-thirds of the rooms have dy been engaged, and if the there are by as general, pleasant people life in Belmont, as the house is hereafter to died, will be charming indeed.

choice fruits and table delicacies at Rivers res. grocers, No. 247 B Spring street. phone 641.

WHO THE WINNERS ARE

The preliminary sparring was up to average, and one or two set-tees were interesting, but the show was a failure the simple reason that nine-tenths of

DENIES THERE WAS ANY BRIBE

C. E. Osborne, E. F. Spence, F. W. Br
H. Z. Bishop, Capt. George Ainsworth,
dot Kinney, Jas. Cuzner, Henry M. S
L. E. Mosher, L. Lichtenberger, Wil
Niles, Charles Forrester, W. H. Work
William Lacy, Jr., T. E. Rowan, O

W. S. ALLEN, Agent for Los Angeles.

J. S. ALLEN'S Furniture and Carpet Rooms, 332-334 S. Spring

STEEL BOILERS
J. D. HOOKER & CO.
Los Angeles

WALL
205 SOUTH MAIN ST
It is the Best. Ask

DRS. SMITH & STEVENS

CEMENT

our Architect about 1



into a contract in conformity with his
accepted by the board.
The board reserves the right to reject
and all bids.
Dated August 12, 1891.
A. E. BAKER, Clerk
Room 23, City
Aug. 12, 1891

INVERSIDEN

Among the thirty odd who were yesterday lured to its cool retreats, Dr. McAllister, Charles Loup, wife and her sister, W. Goodman and G. L. Hardson, and a large party who left at evening. Wilcox & Greeley's big rally is in frequent requisition for moonlight parties nowadays.

Yesterday afternoon still and

Have agents in every town in the San Gabriel Valley. Our wagons will call at any address on receipt of postal card. Lace curtains, blankets and all kinds of laundry work, repairs and fancy. City office: 8 E. COLORADO.

I NSTRUCTION IN FRENCH AND GERMAN. Mrs. A. R. MARSHALL, 659 Old Oaks.

domestic, 30@37.
PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 15.—Wool—Standard
Montana, 19@32; Territorial, 15@31.

1, 11 00@12.00; barley, No. 1, 9.00@10.00; alfalfa No. 1, 9.00@10.00; No. 2 grades, \$ lower all around.

LUMBER YARD AND PLANING MILLS.
Commercial St. Los Angeles.

10:00 a.m.	11:00 a.m.
10:30 a.m.	2:30 p.m.
2:00 p.m.	5:30 p.m.
5:00 p.m.	

Gen. Pass. & Fret. Agt., San Pedro.
HANCOCK BANNING Agent,
130 W. Second st., Los Angeles.

HANCOCK BANNING Agent,
130 W. Second st., Los Angeles.

MONDAY MORNING!

=: AND :=

EVERY DAY DURING THE COMING WEEK

OF COURSE YOU WILL
THINK THIS STRANGE

That we should make such big reductions, but if you want
an explanation we will be candid and tell you that

**WE ARE NOT LOSING ONE CENT
ON ANY OF THEM.**

Having bought these particular Suits only two weeks ago

AT 40 PER CENT

Under Regular Price.

We first intended to pack them away, as we could readily get full price next spring and thus make good interest on our investment, but have now concluded to let them go at just a trifle over cost, knowing full well that to give big value to the Public is the best kind of advertising for any kind of business.

YOU WILL FIND
IN OUR MIDDLE SHOW WINDOW FOR



50 Styles of
NEAT, GENTEEL AND NOBBY SUITS,

Summer Weight, in Sack and Frock Styles.

THE REGULAR PRICE WOULD BE FROM \$10.00 TO \$15.00.

Over Half of These Goods

Were bought from the well-known firm of
HAMMERSLAUGH BROS.,
NEW YORK.
Manufacturers of the highest repute.

To make this sale a little more interesting, we have
picked out a lot of BOYS' SUITS, 13 to 18, worth \$10.00 to
\$12.50. All go at the same price,

Boys' Suits \$8.85 Boys' Suits

FOR THIS WEEK ONLY.

We do not handle Auction Goods like some people we
might mention, and who just now are pretending to give
some very great bargains. If you want to deal with a firm

**WHO CARRY OUT THEIR
ADVERTISEMENTS
TO THE LETTER,**

PAY US A CALL

London Clothing Co.

CORNER SPRING AND TEMPLE STS.

London Clothing Co.



CITY BRIEFS

There will be the usual promenade concert at Westlake Park this evening.
At the First Congregational Church Rev. Dr. Hutchins will preach at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.
Rev. Dr. Brasse returned from his vacation, yesterday, and will occupy his pulpit as usual today.
There are undelivered telegrams at the Postal Telegraph office for Aug. Wiffenbach and T. J. Nulton.
Among the exhibits at the Chamber of Commerce is a three-wheeled buggy, the invention of a Los Angeles man.
The Chamber of Commerce yesterday sent another large shipment of fruits and vegetables to the Chicago exhibit.
The citizen soldiery yesterday got off for encampment at Santa Monica, according to programme, and presented a fine appearance.
The Council concluded its sessions as a Board of Equalization yesterday afternoon, and adjourned sine die. Only 108 petitions came before the board, the smallest number in years.
Dr. W. G. Cochran, surgeon of the First Brigade, N. G., went into camp at Santa Monica, yesterday, with the brigade, but will be in his office, 129 1/2 West First street, every afternoon from 1 to 4.
The members of the Editorial Association of Southern California will leave for the sixth semi-annual meeting at Coronado this afternoon at 5 o'clock. The business sessions of the association will commence tomorrow morning.
Carl Traute of Boyle Heights writes THE TIMES complaining about the dog law, and suggesting that if the dog-catchers must be tolerated, that they confine their attention to stray dogs, and not notice dogs out of the yards of citizens.
Florence Cooper from Santa Paula is in the city and would like to find her brother, Jo Cooper, or Maud Cooper, her cousin, who has been working for Rev. Mr. Spencer. The girl is without money and is being cared for by a lady who met her on the train and reported the case to the Chief of Police.
The assessment of railroads has been completed by the State Board of Equalization. The board has assessed only railroads doing business in more than one county, and has not assessed the Central Pacific and Southern Pacific because these are assessed as national roads and must come under Federal assessment. The total assessment last year was \$40,184,000, while this year it is \$42,070,000, an increase of a little less than \$2,000,000.
Yesterday morning about 9:30 o'clock the house of Police Officer D. L. Rich was totally destroyed by fire. The house was located at 219 East Adams street, and was a one-story frame structure. Mrs. Rich had been cooking at a large wood stove, which was heated red-hot. She left the kitchen to go to a store near by to make some purchases, and when she returned the house was in flames. The furniture was mostly saved. The loss was \$500, which is insured.

Libel on the Los Angeles Girls.
While the Charleston was at Santa Monica, she the Stockton Mail, ladies swim and rowed out to the man-of-war and visited its officers while accosted only in bathing suits. And now they do say that the officers of the Charleston all want to be sent back to Santa Monica; they claim the scenery there is charming.

Its Excellent Qualities
Commend to public approval the California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs. It is pleasant to the eye and to the taste and by gently acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, it cleanses the system effectually, thereby promoting the health and comfort of all who use it.

California Straw Works, 204 S. Main st.

NEWS AND BUSINESS.

The Weather.
U. S. WEATHER OFFICE, LOS ANGELES, AUG. 15.—At 5:07 a.m. the barometer registered 29.99; at 5:07 p.m. 29.87. Thermometer for corresponding hours showed 65° and 80°. Maximum temperature, 89°; minimum temperature, 67°. Partly cloudy.

INDICATIONS.
SAN FRANCISCO, AUG. 15.—Forecast till 5 p.m. Friday: For Southern California—Fair weather, except light rains in the mountains, in the northeastern portion fog and clouds.

Drs. Smith & Stevens have removed their office from the Potomac Block to No. 213 1/2 South Spring street.

Rev. Mr. Patterson of Tacoma will address the meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association this afternoon.

There are undelivered telegrams at the Western Union Telegraph office for Charles McGowan, J. M. Bonner and A. L. Beam.

Messrs. Harris and Frank, the young London editors, have taken charge of the upper half of this page again today. Mr. Frank and Harris are very able editors in their line; in fact, they are leaders.

WANTED.—A general agent for one of the best life insurance companies in the world. To the right man a liberal contract will be given. Apply at once between 12 and 1, and 3 and 4 o'clock at the Hollenbeck Hotel, rooms Nos. 47 and 35.

Lud Zobel, proprietor of the "Wonder Store," left for the East last night to make his selections of fall millinery, and on his return will have some interesting announcements to make through THE TIMES. In common with a good many other wide-awake merchants, he has secured space in advance.

The low rates made by the Southern California Railway during the G. A. R. encampment at Coronado Beach, the magnificent Hotel del Coronado, the excellent surf-bathing and the numerous attractions in the immediate locality is enough to allure almost anyone to this charming resort at this hot weather, and many are taking advantage of the inducements offered by the Santa Fe route.

The Empire laundry has changed hands and been given a thorough overhauling in every department by its new proprietors, Messrs. Sanford and Polson. They are men of large experience and ample means (Mr. Sanford comes from San Jose) and will not be content with anything less than first place in their line of business.

The main office of the laundry will be at No. 138 South Spring street in the room now occupied by the Rock Island Railroad.

The special attraction at Redondo Beach Sunday, August 16, will be a thrilling gladiatorial mounted sword contest between Henry Ross, champion swordsman of California, and Frederick Meyers, formerly of the Twelfth Hussars, Germany, and recently of the U. S. Cavalry. As these gentlemen are expert swordsmen, some excitement will be expected. The new band of Pythias band, which will render a programme of the choicest music. Tickets will be sold Saturday and Sunday, good to return the following Monday at the rate of 50 cents. P. O. box 1858.

HERR ARNOLD KUTNER, teacher of German language and literature, wishes to announce that on September 1, 1891, he will begin his sixth year of work in Los Angeles. Studio, Potomac Block, Broadway, near Second st. P. O. box 1858.

FOR MEDICAL properties no water excels the Bartlett Springs. H. Jevne, agent.

THE WATER from Bartlett Springs is a boon to suffering humanity. For sale by H. Jevne, 136 and 138 N. Spring st.

BARTLETT SPRINGS WATER cures where most remedies fail. H. Jevne, agent.

THE RAILROADS.

Formal Opening of the Little Newport Road.

THE TERMINAL'S WATER WORKS

Some Southern Pacific Changes—Excursion Business—Chinese are Learning to Travel—General and Local.

The Santa Ana Railway, running between Newport Landing and the county seat of Orange county, was inaugurated yesterday with an excursion train, which contained over two hundred people, many of whom belonged in Anaheim and Orange.

The road is a standard gauge, running very smoothly, the rails of steel, and the road-bed is well ballasted. The rolling stock is composed of three cars, two of which were formerly employed at Coronado Beach, and the third one belonged to the San Diego and Terminal Railway. The cars used for freight are leased from the Southern California. The company owns two motors also, one of which formerly belonged to the Los Angeles and Pacific. Newport is very lively just now. There are probably from seventy-five to one hundred tents pitched on the sand between Newport Bay and the ocean, besides several small rough frame buildings. A pavilion has been erected where people may recline in the shade while watching the bathers. The delegation from Los Angeles and other vehicles near the feed stables. For some reason not fully explained, no trains are to be run on Sunday.

SCRAP HEAR.
Ticket Agent Charles H. White of the Southern Pacific has returned from his vacation up North.

There has been so much scrap practice on the part of purchasers of 300-mile tickets that the Southern Pacific contemplates their withdrawal.

The Union Pacific road has taken its tourist sleeping cars off the line. Hereafter passengers desiring to sleep on route must pay for the privilege.

An excursion will run today over a new circuit—by way of the Santa Fe to Redondo Beach by boat to San Pedro and the Southern Pacific back from that port to Los Angeles.

In excavating for an embankment for the Terminal road across the Temple place, the contractors discovered a sinkhole that gave them much trouble. All the earth required for the fill at that point had to be hauled some distance. This delayed progress somewhat.

This item brings with it a breath of winter. Assistant General Manager Curtis of the Southern Pacific has returned from an inspection of the snow-sheds in the Sierra Nevadas. He found the line in good condition, and very little repairing will be necessary to put things in order.

California banks have received notices from their eastern correspondents that the lending of money on Union Pacific securities is just at present unwise. The Union Pacific can borrow no money in New York as it is understood to be in a very tight place, having had to pay out \$2,000,000 or more of its outstanding indebtedness, the balance coming in for payment with such a rush as to exhaust the company's treasury.

The Terminal people are causing an Arabian well to be drilled on the line near County Fair station, hoping that a flow of water will be struck which shall be of sufficient force and volume to fill a tank to be located there for supplying the engines.

Plenty of water is found but with insufficient force to reach the tank at that point. A watering station will be established some distance away on a lower grade. The object is to avoid the necessity of pumping.

The office of Chinese agent of the Southern Pacific has been abolished by General Superintendent Fillmore, and Wong Fung, who held the position, is out of a job. The agency has been maintained for many years at Sacramento for the purpose of giving information to the Chinese as to the different routes of travel, how to purchase tickets, where to leave the trains and other matters. Owing to the proficiency attained by the Chinese in respect to traveling, Mr. Fillmore deems the agency a useless institution.

The Southern Pacific Company has given another order at the Schenectady Locomotive Works for four ten-wheel compound passenger engines, combining the very latest developments in speed and durability. These great machines will be the heaviest in the country, weighing about 125,000 pounds each, and having twenty and twenty-nine-inch cylinders. They will be used in the passenger service between San Francisco and Sacramento. The Eastern Car Company at Huntington, W. Va., will also have ready for the Southern Pacific in about two weeks, 200 new box and furniture cars.

A number of special trains, loaded with passengers, ran to Santa Monica yesterday. General Freight Agent S. B. Hayes of the Southern C. Pacific road has issued a circular which is of much interest to those who propose to ship exhibits of any class to and from State, county and districts. Articles for exhibition will be way-billed at regular rates and charges collected on delivery. Shipments, except race horses, will be returned free to the original point of shipment on this line, under certain conditions. Shippers of perishable goods, having paid full rates, can get a rebate upon proper representation.

Dr. Wong Him.
The first Chinese Physician to practice his profession in this city was Dr. Wong Him. He has practiced here for sixteen (16) years and his cures and successful treatment of complicated diseases is proof of his ability. He belongs to the sixth generation of doctors in his family. A trial will convince you. Office: 629 UPPER MAIN ST. P. O. box 664, Station C, Los Angeles, Cal.
I had been sick five months, paid out large sums of money for doctors and medicine but derived no benefit. Dr. Wong Him was recommended to me by a friend. I did not think I could get well, as my lungs and kidneys were very bad and getting worse all the time. Dr. Wong Him took me in this condition; he has in two months' time entirely cured me, and now I feel it my duty to testify in his behalf. I wish to recommend him to the public as an efficient and skillful physician.
THOMAS WHITE.
Los Angeles, May 13, 1891.

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE OF

Wall Paper and Room Mouldings

AT 303 S. SPRING ST., near Third.

This is an entire new stock of the latest styles and must be closed out in 90 days
AT A BIG SACRIFICE.
The entire stock has been purchased at public auction and will be sold at FIFTY CENTS on the DOLLAR. Call and get our prices at once. You can have your house decorated at one-half the regular price. We mean what we say.
By order of the owner.

J. HARRY WHOMES, Agent.

303 South Spring St.

MILLINERY CLEARANCE

Prices Made Low to Move a Large Stock Immediately.

A line of good Shade Hats.
Better Hat, same shape.
Large wide brim Hats.
Children's Trimmed Suits.
Ladies' Characters canvas top, valves bands, worth \$1. for.
A fine black lace straw brim Hat, shading the face and turning up at back; usually sold for \$1. our price to clear the lot.
Ladies' richly trimmed Suits.
Ladies' stylish trimmed Hats.
Ladies' stylish trimmed Hats.
And the balance of Ladies' millinery ready for sale.
Only a few articles left in Underwear Stock: Corset Covers.
And the balance of Ladies' millinery ready for sale.

MOZART'S FINE MILLINERY.
340 S. Spring st. Tel. 24 and 25.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

THE WATER from Bartlett Springs is a boon to suffering humanity. For sale by H. Jevne, 136 and 138 N. Spring st.

GET INTO THE "SWIM OF TOUCH." Are you "in touch" with the times? If so, you are on the front seat of the wagon of progress. If not, you are at the tail end of the procession, struggling along somehow. Are you in need of a vehicle and do you want to get there? Then by all means get into communication with Harvey, King & Co. They are in the "swim of touch" with the best of the times. They have a complete photographer's outfit with dark rooms for portraits in camp. Address orders for accommodations, animals, etc.

Hot for Mt. Wilson—Strain's Camp Accommodations first-class. Rates \$2 per day; \$10 per week.
A fine six-inch telescope, mounted to command the magnificent view of the San Gabriel Valley and ocean, free for the use of guests. A complete photographer's outfit with dark rooms for portraits in camp. Address orders for accommodations, animals, etc.

A. G. STRAIN, Sierra Madre, Cal.

HAVING PURCHASED the entire outfit of burros, mules, etc., with the business and good will of George W. Carter and Cowley Baker, we have combined the two together and are now prepared to furnish the best and safest burros and mules for the ascent of Mt. Wilson, at the foot of Wilson's trail, Sierra Madre. Headquarters for Strain's camp.

ROBINSON, DUKICH & CO., Sierra Madre, Cal.

Voluntary Testimonials

— GIVEN TO —
DR. WOH,
The Eminent Chinese Physician.



Dr. Woh's life work has been from early youth one of persistent and unflinching observation, study and investigation, as fully as lay in his power to perfect himself in all branches of the art of healing human sickness and disease. Born in China, of influential parents, of a family whose ancestors have been for generations deservedly renowned as leading physicians, Dr. Woh naturally followed in the footsteps of his fathers. In China he has practiced his profession for several years, being at one time a physician in the Imperial Hospital, and in America for a long time his great number of patients, his wonderful and many cures, and the great list of letters from grateful and thankful patrons now prove him to be a remarkable and successful healer of sickness and all diseases.

For many years I have been troubled with lung disease which finally ended in asthma and consumption. I consulted with the best physicians I could find but they did me no benefit, but on the contrary I got worse and worse, until I was told by one of them I could not recover. Dr. Woh took me in this condition. He has in two months' time entirely cured me. I most cordially recommend him to all sufferers. MISS F. WESSEL, 266 Boyd st., Los Angeles, Cal.

May 1st, 1891.
I have tried many doctors for heart disease but have derived no benefit until Dr. Woh, the Chinese physician, of Los Angeles, Cal., prescribed for me. Two months ago I began his treatment and can now certify that he has done me great good. I recommend Dr. Woh to my friends as an able doctor. P. E. KING, Justice of the Peace, Burbank, Cal.

May 4th, 1891.
Dr. Woh has hundreds of similar testimonials, but space alone prevents further publication of them here. Dr. Woh is the oldest and best-known Chinese Physician in Southern California. His many cures have been remarkable, involving Female Troubles, Tumors and every form of disease. All communications will be regarded as strictly confidential. Free consultation to every one and all are cordially invited to call upon Dr. Woh at his office, 227 SOUTH MAIN STREET bet. Second and Third sts., Los Angeles, Ca.

DR. COWLES
HAS REMOVED his residence and Sanitarium to corner Pico and Hope sts., and office to rooms 11 and 13, Wilson Block. Patients' hours at former, 12:30 to 2:30. Tel. 138. At latter, 10 to 12 a.m., 3 to 5 p.m. Tel. 283.

PIONEER TRUCK CO.
NO 8 MARKET STREET.
Piano, Furniture and Safe Moving. Baggage and Freight delivered promptly to all areas. Telephone 187.

EAGLE STABLES,
122 SOUTH ROADWAY.
Good teams at reasonable rates. Telephone N. 248. W. F. WHITE, Proprietor.

IN THE CATSKILLS.

Jeannette L. Gilder's Charm-
ing Letter.

PEOPLE PERCHED ON THE POINTS

Life in a Simple Mountain Cabin,
with an Old-fashioned Fire
Burning on the
Hearth.

IN THE CATSKILLS, Aug. 8.—[Special Correspondence of THE TIMES.] Mrs. Candace Wheeler has done a great many things for the benefit of suffering humanity. She has founded schools of art needlework; she has stirred up capitalists to build a hotel for girl bachelors; and she is the inventor of Ontario. This last would entitle her to a proud place on Fame's eternal scroll if she had never done anything else, for it is an ideal Bohemia. I may write explicitly about it because it is not a public resort. No stranger is admitted, no meals or lodgings are on sale to outsiders, and no exploitation can benefit it. The way it came about was this: Mrs. Wheeler, I may say in parenthesis, was born in Delhi, not in the Delta of "India's coral strands" but in a cool little town in the Catskills bearing that hot little name. Her nativity and her love of pure air and picturesque scenery gave her a fondness for the Catskill Mountains, and after she married Mr. Wheeler—she was Miss Thurber in her youth—she and her husband, with a party of young artists, now gray-bearded and somewhat faded, spent their summers among the Catskill Mountains. The Catskills had not at that time become, as they have now, the prey of the summer boarder. Only people who had been born among these mountains, and a few artists knew of or appreciated the beauties of this earthly paradise at their very doors. When the Wheelers and their artist friends spent their summers there, they lived in a farm house on the Mountain House is now situated. It was a small house, for farming on the rocky mountain sides was not a profitable business, and when more artists came up from the hot city than the place could accommodate, they slept on the hay in the barn and bathed in the brook that bounded over the stones only a few feet away.

Time makes great changes among the mountain tops as well as on the plains, and it was not long before the beauties of the Catskills, and the artists of the Wheeler party could not set up their easels in front of a splashing waterfall or a valley scene, but were out being surrounded by a bevy of young women in red hats and young men in striped "blazers" who peeped over their shoulders and criticized their work with charming frankness and unhesitating criticism. The artists put their heads together and decided that it was time for them to "move on" and leave their old haunts to the new comers. Mrs. Wheeler and her brother, F. B. Thurber, knowing their Catskills well, chose a spot high up on a mountain side, 2,500 feet above the sea level, which commanded a view that swept over a valley seven miles broad, bounded by range of mountains from the center of which High Peak and Round Top raised their pine-capped heads. If, by the way, you have any difficulty in knowing "which is which" of these mountains you may set yourself right by remembering that High Peak has the high peak, which shows the perversity of nature, human or otherwise. On this mountain was a plateau with an unobstructed view of miles in extent. "Eureka!" exclaimed Mrs. Wheeler. "Seek no further," replied Mr. Thurber, or words to that effect. They went to work and began to build their homes in this beautiful spot. Their cottages stand about five hundred feet apart. That of Mr. Thurber was designed by his wife, Mrs. Jeannette M. Thurber, founder of the National Conservatory of Music. It is built of logs with the bark peeled off, so that time has given them a silver hue that is very effective and very lovely. This cottage has been added to and improved so that it is now a big music room, besides a dining room, a living room, endless bedrooms, piazzas and everything to make a country house delightful. The Wheeler house is built of clapboards and is a handsome, bright, airy place. The mountain was beyond the valley and you enter from this at once into the principal room of the house. This is drawing room, library, dining room, and everything combined. Opposite the door a wood-burning stove in the big chimney-place, unexpected windows let in the sunlight around the wall, and expectant lounges invite you from quiet corners to rest and enjoy yourself. On the walls, which are a pale terra cotta color, Mrs. Wheeler has hung a portrait of Boudinot Keith, painted the portraits of friends who have visited "Penny-Royal," for that is the modest name of the place. There is the head of a handsome beaver, a rook here is the strong face of Mark Twain. Growing plants and wild flowers adorn the room and mingle their perfume with that of the burning pine boughs.

Around the corner of the house, just beyond an enormous beech of firs, is the studio that Mrs. Wheeler built for her daughter. It is one big room, with the roof running up to the peak and the rafters showing, with a big studio window to the north, and a recessed window, with a lounge and big piles of gay stuffs, looking out upon the south. But the great glory of this room is its fireplace. The chimney is built of rough stones, and the fireplace is wide enough to take in huge logs four or five feet long. Here the Wheelers and the Thurburs lived for several years alone; that is, there were no houses near them. Alone, without guests, they never were, for the artists who came up to the farmhouse came up to the new mountain side and stayed under their hospitable roofs. Their cottages were always full, and finally their friends began to ask why they couldn't buy and build their own. "We should like to summer in the Catskills if we could only get away from the regular summer boarder, the girl in the red felt hat and the young man in the yellow striped blazer. Why won't you let us come up here?" After talking the

matter over, the Wheelers and the Thurburs decided to found a summer village over which they should have control—so they could choose their fellow-villagers, and not be crowded to the wall by Tom, Dick and Harry. The name Ontario, which means "Hills of the Sky," was given to the settlement, and then the merry ring of the woodman's ax and the carpenter's hammer was heard from among the trees, and cottages sprang up on every side. Today there are twenty-five of these cottages.

Among the pioneers was Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, the editor of St. Nicholas magazine. Mrs. Dodge's cottage, like all the cottages along the thoroughfare, backs upon the road and faces the view. In Ontario they do things unconventionally and rationally. Mrs. Dodge's cottage is a little more pretentious—that is not the word exactly, but can think of none other at the moment—than most of the others in its fittings up, but then she occupies it for five months of the year. Its walls are plastered and tinted, and low bookshelves and a large table laden with bric-a-brac run around the sides where they are not crowded out by wide lounges. A gay colored hammock swings in an alcove. In the center of the room is a large table, and on the wall is a large picture. At meal time, around it they sit at night when the lamp is lighted and the fire crackles on the hearth, for one room serves as dining-room, drawing-room and living-room in Ontario cottages. The fireplace is the center of attraction in these cottages, for there is never a day when one is not lighted on the hearth. It is always cool enough in the evening for one, and very often in the daytime. What is clear in this part of the world. Two dollars a cord is all I paid, and that is cheaper than hiring a man to split up what you have on your place. To return for a moment to Mrs. Dodge's cottage, I may say without being too personal that she has a "den" fitted up on the second floor of the cottage, and there she edits St. Nicholas, which is published away beyond that distant mountain range. Mrs. Dodge has always had a "den" to work in. Here was the first room of this sort that I ever saw. That was twenty years ago, when I lived in Newark and she a few miles out in the country at Waverly. "Dens" were not so common in those days, and she was one of the few who were few literary lions to occupy them. Now every girl who writes sonnets to the moon has a "den" fitted up to write them in.

The charm of this private resort in the Catskills is that it is unlike any other place. There you can "rough it" amid refined surroundings. The people who go there do so because they want to get away from the whirl of life for at least three or four months of the year, but who, at the same time, want congenial companionship. It is the aim of the organization to suppress any evidences of wealth on the part of its members. The poor cottages, days, and nights, and live as well as the rich and great. Most of the cottages are built of slabs. Perhaps you don't know what slabs are? I confess I did not until I visited the mountain settlement. They are the first cuttings from the log when it is taken to the sawmill to be turned into boards. Every log has four slabs, and the bark is, of course, left on them for building purposes. There are no windows in the cottages, and they are not needed. The cottages are mounted on stone logs so that the air has full play underneath them. The frame is first set on these logs, then rough boards are nailed on the frame, and over these boards, the slabs are nailed. This naturally gives the appearance of logs and is much less expensive. The inside of the cottages are finished to suit the taste of the owner. Very few are plastered. Usually heavy terra cotta colored paper, such as is used by builders, is tacked over the rough boards, and where the paper is joined "hoop poles" of white pine are used to hold the paper over the joints. This makes a capital background for such interior decorations as are to be found in the mountains—wall pockets of birch bark filled with ferns or golden rod, or purple aster or larkspur, and the like. The slabs are the rafters of the stairs, which run from the living room, are made of birch saplings, and the pegs that hold hats and coats on are cut from the same material. A carpenter from Tunnersville cut the slabs and window seats for my planned board tops and bark-covered legs. The beds and mattresses come from a factory twelve miles away, and are as comfortable as any I have ever used. There are a few English bath-tubs sent up from New York, but with these luxury ends, or should, there are some people who fit up their cottages with bric-a-brac and upholstered furniture, but to me the charm of the place is the absence of anything that reminds one of city life. The entire furniture of my cabin cost \$200, and this included everything but bedding—sheets and blankets, I mean—and I kept house, or I could have lived in a city. My cottage was what I did to was to have breakfast and tea at home and take my 2 o'clock dinner at the club-house. This enabled me to get along with one servant, which is always a consideration in a summer outing. My cottage was so situated that it had an unobstructed view of the wide valley and the distant mountain range. I speak of it in the past tense for I have sold it, and it no longer belongs to Laurence Hutton, who has changed its name from "Cloud Cabin," which I gave it, to "Lookout," the name of his father's home in the hills of Scotland. When I sat on my piazza at "Cloud Cabin" and gazed off over the valley, the distance it seemed to me that the only road was the one that lay before me—the one beyond that range of hills was of no interest to me—that was Paradise, that beyond Babylon, and the protection of mountains stood between us, a busy winter cannot spend the whole day, even in vacation time, in dreaming dreams.

In the middle of my living room a huge chimney protruded its stony breast, and on the wide hearth a fire of birch logs and pine boughs shot out grateful flames and perfumed the place. In a big bay window stood my working table, and there I tried to do my duty, but who can work with such a view as mine at his door and such a view as that on his hearth inviting his attention? My nearest neighbor was John Brooks Leavitt of New York, whose family occupy their cottage, which they call "Upnough," from the time the buds appear in May until they look out upon the red and yellow leaves. "How cold a touch bath set the woods on fire," Up a little higher, on a rock-bound

plateau, stands the cabin and studio of Carroll Beckwith, the painter. Mr. Beckwith and his wife have lived a great deal abroad, and have never really kept house until they set up their mountain home. Here they have gathered their laces and penates about them, and they have a fascinating place. In the late exhibition of the Society of American Artists was a very life-like portrait of Mark Twain, a slender, portly, and with a cornucopia in his mouth. This was painted by Mr. Beckwith at Ontario last summer. Mark Twain had a cottage there then, and every morning he gave readings from Browning—"Browning free-and-easy" he called them, for every one in the settlement was free to attend, and flannel shirts were "full-dress." This year Mr. Clemens is not at Ontario, and we mourn his loss. He will return, however, but will he resume the free-and-easy?

There are certain people who regard the Ontonarians as "proud." Now I will not deny this charge, for there is such a thing as "proper pride," and it is a good thing to have, if by being "proud" it means that we like to choose our company, that we do not blow our trumpet through by-ways and hedges, asking anyone and everyone to join our club, we plead guilty to the charge. We have a fine idea though it may be a false one, that congenial companionship goes as far towards making pleasant surroundings as do pretty cottages and fine views. We are a club—the Ontario Club—and we are just as careful about our membership as though we had a club-house on Fifth avenue.

In writing of Ontario I must not forget the inn (so we call it, though it is not open to travelers), which is the hub of our universe. It is our exchange or postoffice, and our coaching office, as well as our feeding place. Its dining-room is its chief glory, and the piece de resistance of the dining-room is the fireplace. Sometimes in the middle of the day in July and August we don't need a fire, but there is seldom a morning, even in those months, when the big mouth of the chimney is not filled with burning logs. On the walls of the room, which are of burlap, are a series of rolling breakers which expand their force in foamy whiteness. It is within these gently heaving waves and tossing billows of white and blue that the bathers delight to look, the even sloping ocean-bed permitting them to safely venture far out where they can form exclusive sets for their sport out of reach of too close a scrutiny from the ever-present audience.

The camera man was there the other day and trained his detective machine upon several groups and special features of the beach. The lifeboat on its cumbersome carriage is to visitors roland an object of much interest.

overlooking the blue ocean one has a fine view of a long stretch of flat beach in either direction, beaten by series of rolling breakers which expand their force in foamy whiteness. It is within these gently heaving waves and tossing billows of white and blue that the bathers delight to look, the even sloping ocean-bed permitting them to safely venture far out where they can form exclusive sets for their sport out of reach of too close a scrutiny from the ever-present audience.

OUR BABY.

Only five pounds and a quarter.
And yet she holds a soul
That is winged with life, that shall mount and
rise

When the ages of Time are old:
That shall live when Time has perished.
And the earth has passed from sight,
And suns and stars have faded
From the deep, vast void of night.

O Rosebud, so softly eyelids
Are folded so petal-eyed
And there's gold in their lashes
That's richer than king's crown.
And the pink which your soft cheek flushes
Is fairer by far to our sight
Than the glow of Morning's blushes
When she springs from the arms of Night.

O dainty lips, velvet with sweetness,
How have you a year's day home,
O what of that wonderful somewhere
Where the soul to its earth life is stirred—
The baby soul, white as a snowdrop
And pure as the light of a star—
Who guides and with garments of soft-flesh
Clothes it round as it comes from afar?

O little feet helpless and feeble,
O hands that are soft as a flower,
O eyes like the star-lightened even,
O heart which is love's precious dower,
Life open sweet as a blossom,
Let it pass as pure as a flower.

ELIZA A. ORIS.

HYGIENIC REGULATIONS.

Take a long sea voyage and abjure all work;
Spare no expense; read Montaigne and Burke.
Spare sun baths after every meal.
Then feel your pulse and think just how you
feel.

Climb Pike's Peak; try Pike county; catch a
fish in Greenwald Lake, just to see what one's
like.
Put money in your purse if there's none in it;
If you have none to put, why, try the Mint!

Stand on your head each day at early dawn,
Then turn down stairs and mow and rake the
lawn.
Read few newspapers, or, if you must read,
Do so and choose the very best indeed.

Comb your hair over your left ear, the right
Will have a rest then; sleep ten hours a night!
Put on clean clothes three times a day; if
you can't, you're a fool.

No clothes, no cash, it's time for you to move
Stand on tiptoe nine times every noon.
Then eat Brie cheese and look up at the
moon!

Run four miles before breakfast and then try
To see how hot cakes make the butter fly!
Lose and invite your soul; in a canoe
Float forty days upon an old bayou.

Be sure of one thing, all this waste of rules
Was made for wise men, possibly, by J. P. B.

C. D. Adams shipped 850 pounds of
blackberries Friday. This is a good
days shipment from less than an acre.
He expects that this season's crop
from the piece will foot up to about
five and one-half tons—worth \$550
even at the low prices prevailing this
season. Mr. Adams is the most suc-
cessful berry-raiser we have in Oppe-
rio.—Record.

SEASIDE SNAPSOTS.

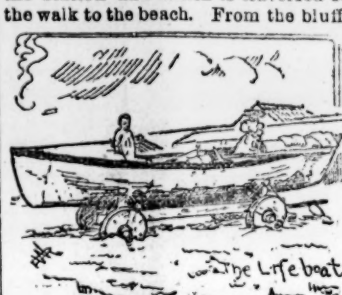
Some Instantaneous Views
Caught on the Shore.

SOME DELIGHTS OF LONG BEACH

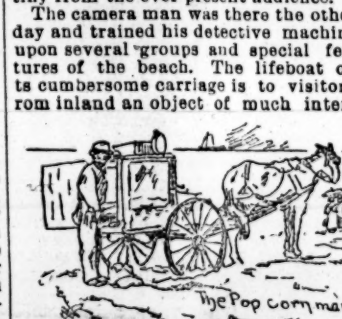
Jolly Bathers, Unrestrained, Have
Salt Water and Exercise-Pic-
tures of Some Features
on the Beach.

Long Beach is also wide beach, and
delightful in many ways. It is com-
monly said to be particularly popular
with women and children though why
it should not be for men as well is not
apparent. On Sundays and holidays
and even on other days of the week
when the weather stimulates an exo-
dus to the seashore, large numbers of
people flock to Long Beach. It may
be that women and children do pre-
dominate in these crowds, but they
are not alone by long odds.

The stranger upon his first visit to
this charming seaside resort is struck
first by the beautiful park adjacent to
the station and which is traversed on
the walk to the beach. From the bluffs



overlooking the blue ocean one has a
fine view of a long stretch of flat
beach in either direction, beaten by
series of rolling breakers which ex-
pand their force in foamy whiteness.
It is within these gently heaving waves
and tossing billows of white and blue
that the bathers delight to look, the
even sloping ocean-bed permitting
them to safely venture far out where
they can form exclusive sets for their
sport out of reach of too close a scrutiny
from the ever-present audience.



east-most, even, then is the popu-
lar mart—until the novelty of the
surroundings gives way to a craving
for some of his snow-white stock in
trade.
Children abound everywhere, and
they safely roam hither and thither
about let or hindrance, for even
their nature's propensity toward com-
mitting self-destruction, breaking
bones or getting into mischief is here
thwarted by the absence of temptation.
If they fall into the sea they will at
least get more or less wet, which does
them good in any event. Indeed, it
is suspected, judging by observation,
that the parents become more



childlike in their sport, and perform
many queer antics on the sand and in
the water that would paralyze all
the sense of dignity in other situations.
Who guides and with garments of soft-flesh
Clothes it round as it comes from afar?
O little feet helpless and feeble,
O hands that are soft as a flower,
O eyes like the star-lightened even,
O heart which is love's precious dower,
Life open sweet as a blossom,
Let it pass as pure as a flower.

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Spare no expense; read Montaigne and Burke.
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fish in Greenwald Lake, just to see what one's
like.
Put money in your purse if there's none in it;
If you have none to put, why, try the Mint!

Stand on your head each day at early dawn,
Then turn down stairs and mow and rake the
lawn.
Read few newspapers, or, if you must read,
Do so and choose the very best indeed.

Comb your hair over your left ear, the right
Will have a rest then; sleep ten hours a night!
Put on clean clothes three times a day; if
you can't, you're a fool.

No clothes, no cash, it's time for you to move
Stand on tiptoe nine times every noon.
Then eat Brie cheese and look up at the
moon!

Run four miles before breakfast and then try
To see how hot cakes make the butter fly!
Lose and invite your soul; in a canoe
Float forty days upon an old bayou.

Be sure of one thing, all this waste of rules
Was made for wise men, possibly, by J. P. B.

THE TIMES.

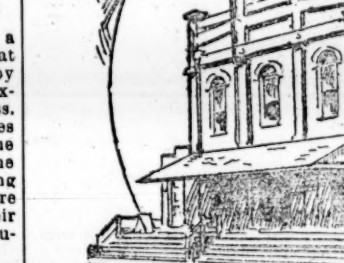
Los Angeles

LOS ANGELES, SUNDAY, AUGUST 16, 1891.—TWELVE PAGES.

Los Angeles County Courthouse.
(Photographed by Wesner.)



The above building, where for so many years have been located the
county offices, was erected in 1859 by John Temple as a market house and
city hall, at a cost of \$30,000. At that time the total vote of the city was only
1020, and there were but eleven attorneys residing in the city. The
upper floor was used as a public hall for theatrical performances, enter-
tainments, etc. During this year there was quite a boom in Los Angeles,
many new buildings being erected. The city began to push forward, and
in short time the county purchased the building for a courthouse to accom-
modate the rapidly increasing legal business, and it was occupied as such
up to the time the officers formally vacated it to take up their quarters in
the handsome structure on the hill, a picture of which is given above, the
full description appearing in this Times last Monday morning.



The old landmark that must give way to modern improvements in Court-
house Square.

The "little church on the corner," of which the above cut is a faithful reproduction, is the first Protestant house of worship erected in Los Angeles. On May 4, 1859, and organization was formed by Rev. William E. Boardman under the title of the "First Protestant Society," with a constitution declaring that its members "unite for the purpose of supporting Protestant worship here."

In 1864 they built "the little church on the corner," at that time quite an imposing edifice for Los Angeles. In 1865 the society reorganized under the title of the St. Athanasius Episcopal Church, when the society refunded the money spent by the Presbyterians in assisting in building the church, and it was formally transferred to the Episcopalians. The first officers were as follows: Senior warden, G. J. Clark; junior warden, H. F. Dibble; vestrymen, J. M. Griffith, S. E. Briggs, T. Woolweber, J. Hendell, R. T. Hays and C. R. Conway; secretary, S. E. Briggs; treasurer, J. M. Griffith. The pastors of the church have been Elias Birdsell, J. Talbot, H. H. Messenger, C. F. Loop, J. B. Gray and William H. Hill.

The congregation continued worship in the building until Christmas day, 1883. In the meantime the property had been sold to the county, and when it was vacated by the church was used for such county offices as could not be accommodated in the old Courthouse.

Prohibition's New Enemy.

What is Uno? That is the question which is puzzling the Prohibitionists of Maine, and is rapidly becoming a moral issue in a State which has long been a flat and dilute layer, with the James G. Blaine and Tom Reed. It might be imagined that the word has mysterious significance, and is interpreted according to the sound rather than its orthography. For example, should a Misecourian enter a saloon and address a barkeeper thus, "Give me Uno," the barkeeper would assume at once that he did know, and would immediately produce the old familiar bottle containing the glory of the corn. But it appears that however delightful this construction might be regarded in Maine it is not the correct assumption, for Uno is a beverage of distinctive qualities. In short, Uno, according to the testimony of experts, "comes nearer to being better than anything else that is sold in Portland." It contains all the way from 2 to 8 per cent. of alcohol, and is pleasantly described as tasting like flat and diluted whisky, with the general appearance of dirty water. It has no malt in it, but grape sugar is used in its manufacture and the chemical action of malt and grape sugar are the same.

The next question, and the one which agitates the authorities and the Prohibitionists, is, is Uno intoxicating? Judge Gould of Boston has decided that it is not as far as he can judge from the samples and the testimony of his men. A police officer makes this important and convincing statement: "I have known a number of men to say they got drunk on Uno, but I never knew one who did. Of course, when a man has taken half a dozen glasses of whisky, or of 'spit,' which is quite a fashionable drink now, two or three bottles of the lightest beer added will help to upset him, but the beer alone cannot do it."

Now, if Uno looks like dirty water, tastes like flat beer and isn't intoxicating, the wonder grows why it has become popular. There are a great many people who do not like the taste of liquor, yet are enamored of its exhilarating effects, but it seems absurd that anybody can enjoy a beverage which has neither pleasant taste nor exhilaration. Certainly in Kansas, where tastes are educated, Uno would be received with becoming scorn and contempt. But all the truth has not been told on this subject. Uno is a game of Uno, and all things that go to make up the life of a big and prosperous city. But the Jewish synagogues will not be there much longer, or at least they will not be open for worship, but will be used for other purposes. It is not desirable to live in a country where the will of one man is the law of the land. It is not the place for liberty or happy freedom.

SECOND PART.

PAGES 9 to 12.

PRICE (Single Copies 5 Cents, By the Week, 3 Cents.)

Boys and Girls.



I was reading the following dispatch on Saturday morning:
Moscow, Aug. 14.—The police here have received secret orders which will have the effect of expelling every Jew from the district within two months.
"Where is Moscow?" inquired the soft piping voice of a little child friend of mine. "I wish you would tell me all about it. Isn't it dreadful to treat the poor Jews so?"
"Yes, my dear," I replied, "and I am very sorry for them. I will tell you something about this place where this cruel work is being done."

Moscow is a big and a beautiful city in Russia. It is built on the banks of the river Moskva and it is about three hundred and ninety miles southeast from St. Petersburg. It is surrounded by a high earthen rampart, or wall. The city extends along the beautiful valley of the Moskva, and the greatest portion of it is built on the north bank of the river, only about one fourth of it being on the south bank, along which rise the Sparrow Hills, a lovely place for homes.

But I think that nothing would interest you more than the Kremlin—the great citadel of Moscow. It is surrounded by high walls, ranging from twenty-eight to fifty feet in height and about a mile and a quarter in circuit. In each angle of this vast wall are massive towers, and between these are battlements, embasures and numerous smaller towers. There are five grand gates through which one may enter into the Kremlin, and some of these gates the Russian people regard as very sacred. The holiest of these they call the Redeemer gate, and no one, not even the Czar, is allowed to pass through it without uncovering the head and bowing to the worn and faded picture of the Savior which hangs above it. There is another gate, which is called the St. Nicholas gate, and the Russians hold that to be next in holiness to the gate of the Redeemer, and above it is placed an image of the good Saint Nicholas.

Within the walls which surround this grand old citadel are five cathedrals and churches and palaces, and gray old monasteries where the monks make their home. There are also towers of this wonderful palace are hung thirty-four bells, the largest one weighing sixty-four tons. It must be grand indeed to hear all of these bells ringing at once. I think such a great clime of bells would make delightful music.

The Kremlin has some buildings which the people hold to be very holy; among these are the cathedrals in which all the Russian emperors for centuries have been crowned, and the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael, where all the imperial family were buried who lived before Peter the Great. Then there is the cathedral to which the czar went to be baptized and married. There are numerous other buildings which are held to be sacred and upon which the people look with a great deal of reverence.

In the north angle of the Kremlin is the arsenal, a place which I am sure would be full of interest to my boys, for in front of this immense building are placed long rows of captured cannon, enough, you would think, to conquer a world.

You have read about Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. Here are 385 cannon which were taken from the French at that time, and they tell their own story of that terrible retreat of the French army.

But there is another place here which you would like to visit, because it is full of living interest, and that is the Foundling Asylum, an immense building five stories high, and having something like a palace in its towers of this wonderful place are hung thirty-four bells, the largest one weighing sixty-four tons. It must be grand indeed to hear all of these bells ringing at once. I think such a great clime of bells would make delightful music.

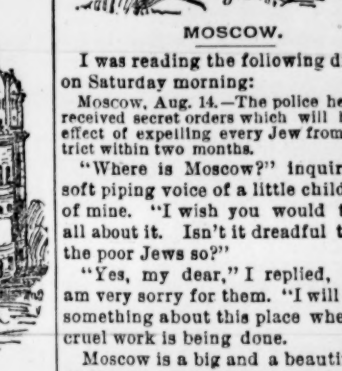
Moscow has 400 churches and any number of convents and monasteries. It has also some magnificent boulevards and many parks and handsome residences and beautiful palaces. Moscow is called one of the most picturesque cities in the world. It has a grand library of 105,000 volumes, and a fine gallery of painting and sculpture which it would be very delightful if we could visit, for Russia has some great artists who have painted some marvelous pictures.

Boys and Girls.

Boys and Girls.

Boys and Girls.

Boys and Girls.



Boys and Girls.

Boys and Girls.

Boys and Girls.

Boys and Girls.

Boys and Girls.

Boys and Girls.

Boys and Girls.

Boys and Girls.

Boys and Girls.



It is during this lazy, gossip time that one picks up all sorts of odds and ends of information about people and things. The talk is amiable in the main and is sometimes well worth listening to. Take a stand at the desk of the Public Library any day and use your ears. One would naturally infer that the librarians were walking encyclopedias from the variety, scope and tenor of the questions plied them by a curious public. Here is a sample:

"Will you please tell me the total value of railroads in Illinois?"

"What did A. T. Stewart's house cost?"

"Please give me Drummond's 'Nux Vomica'." asks another. "I think you mean Drummond's 'Pax Vomica'." do you not?" replies the librarian.

"Say," exclaims a breathless little chap, "I've got to write an essay on something red—got anything about painting the town red?" "Cos I want to beat sis, she's writin' about red tape," concludes the future alderman.

"Just give me one of David Copperfield's works," will you?" asks a pompous man with eyeglasses. "I want Thackeray's 'Marble Heart'." chimes in a pert young miss. "Please ma'am, give me this," pipes a child's voice, and a little hand reaches up over the counter ship bearing this legend, "Blue Fairy Tales."

"Got anything on 'Why is Woman more Curious than Man?'" asks the shrill voice of a ten-year-old boy; "that's the subject for my next essay."

"Give me one of E. P. Roe's books," remarks a quiet-looking lady. "None in," is the laconic reply. "We have three complete sets, and not a volume ever lies on the shelf." This, by the way, emphasizes the fact that, even if the works of this fascinating story writer were abolished from a Sunday-school library by a squeamish committee they remain favorites with the reading public.

Just then a woman advanced to the desk and asked for "Tom Sawyer," by Dickens, and "Mill on the Floss," by Sir Walter Scott. Mark Twain's and George Eliot's editions of the same were given her, and with the remark that perhaps they would do just as well, she took her leave.

A bright-faced little boy was the next to attract attention. He was so short that only his big black eyes were visible over the counter as he announced with becoming dignity that he wanted the "History of Civilization." The librarian smiled, passed him a book of boy's adventures, and went on to the next applicant, a young lady who wanted "Pickwick Papers" by Lord Walter Lytton, and the book "Pomona," Dickens' masterpiece and Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona" filed the bill.

A young man, evidently a theological student, as his familiarity with Bible names indicated, was the next, and he said he wanted the book "Maria" by Jacobs. "The author of that book is not Jacobs, but Isaac," said the librarian with an appreciative smile.

And so the hurrying crowd came and went. The man who wanted "Barnaby Rudge" and "Taming of the Shrew" by Dickens jostled against the woman who asked for "Utopia" and the remains in a Copper Cylinder, which, translated, meant "Utopia" and "A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder."

FALL IN LINE.
It has been suggested that the ladies of Los Angeles who favor dress reform fall in line with those of Boston and adopt a resolution to appear in the new Friday-day costume. The suggestion, reformers, on the first rainy Saturday next fall. The short skirt suit as described heretofore in this column would be admirably adapted to the California wet season, for it is an acknowledged fact that it is harder here than anywhere on the face of the globe when Jupiter Pluvius once opens the faucets.

PARTY ON TEMPLE STREET.
The residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Joseph, No. 417 Temple street, was the scene of a festive gathering last Friday evening, when Miss Lena Joseph received some of her friends. The dining-room was tastefully decorated with amilies and flowers. The attractive young ladies in their evening costumes and the young men with their gracious manners made a pleasing picture. Dancing was continued until a late hour. During the serving of refreshments the guests were regaled with music. Miss Lena Joseph added much to the entertainment of the guests by their singing. There were present: Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Loewenthal, Mr. and Mrs. M. and S. Cohn, Mrs. A. J. Santa Cruz, Sarah Goldstein, Julia Joseph, Mamie Norton, Misses Cohn and Kiberg of San Francisco, Messrs. E. Cohn, S. Gordon, I. Cohn, Norton, M. Cohn, M. Siegel and others.

QUINN-VIGNES.
On Monday evening last in the Church of the Sacred Heart, East Los Angeles, Mr. Quinn and Miss Julie Vignes, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. V. F. Vignes, were united in marriage, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Father Hartnett. Misses Adele Vignes and A. Brossart and Messrs. J. Cheno-worth and A. Watson officiated as bridesmaids and groomsmen. A large number of the many friends of the couple assembled at the church, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion by Miss Adele Vignes, sister of the bride, assisted by friends. The ceremony having been performed, the party left the church amid the strains of the wedding march, E. E. Heyes presiding at the organ.

A sumptuous breakfast had been prepared at the home of the bride, where an informal reception was held. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Vignes and daughter, Miss Adele Vignes and W. F. Vignes, Mr. and Mrs. J. Quinn, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Serivener, Miss M. Cohn of Sacramento, the Misses Dol, Mrs. A. Sauer-vain, Miss Mills, the Rev. Father P. Hartnett and J. McCarthy, Messrs. Cheno-worth, Watson, J. J. Heyes and E. Heyes.

A large number of handsome and costly presents were received. The

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happy couple left on the 1:30 train for Santa Barbara and other points of interest north. They will return in about two weeks, and will take up their residence permanently in this city.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Miss Monks went to San Pedro yesterday to spend a few days.

Frank Schilling, from San Pedro, is visiting his parents in this city.

Le Grand Betts is in San Francisco enjoying a two weeks' pleasure trip.

Miss Mabel Brousseau went to Santa Barbara yesterday to spend a fortnight.

Mrs. Dr. Hunt is the guest of her brother, C. C. Reynolds, at Santa Monica.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester F. Scott went to Redondo Friday, and will remain a few days.

Mrs. F. B. Orr and Miss Fannie Lockhart left yesterday for a month's visit to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Moore and daughter of Denver are guests at the Bellevue Terrace.

Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Owens have returned from a week's sojourn at Arrowhead Hot Springs.

George E. Elliott of Memphis, Tenn., and Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Shortly of St. Paul are guests at Bellevue Terrace.

Naval Cadet David M. Barry, son of M. T. Barry of Vernonville, is at home on a six weeks' visit from West Point.

The guests of Bellevue Terrace enjoyed a ride yesterday afternoon through the country of Mr. Moreland.

Wesley L. Pieper of San José is spending his annual vacation with his parents, Judge and Mrs. F. H. Pieper.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Weatherwax (née Myra Bryant) have arrived safely at the home of the groom, Aberdeen, Wash.

A pleasant party consisting of Messrs. Phillips, Caven, Mr. Vetter and others will spend a few days at Wilson's Peak this week.

Miss Mathilda Roth leaves next week for Mexico on a visit to relatives and friends. Miss Roth will be absent several months.

The Oxymer Club meets tomorrow evening at the St. Angelo Hotel. The subject under discussion will be King Arthur's stories.

Mrs. M. E. Kelso and Joseph Kelso, the mother and brother of Miss Teresa Kelso, the librarian, arrived this morning from Cincinnati.

Judge T. J. Kraft of Belleville, Ill., is sojourning in Los Angeles, en route to San José, where he expects to spend the winter months.

Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. R. B. Young and children will return today from San Francisco, where they have been visiting friends for several weeks.

Misses Gussie and Louise Foss have returned from a month's visit in the North, and have gone to the seashore to spend the remainder of the season.

Mrs. George E. Baldwin, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. J. W. Woodruff, left for San Francisco yesterday to be absent about two months.

The many friends of Mrs. Hamilton will be glad to know of her convalescence after a protracted illness at the home of Mrs. Senator Jones at Santa Monica.

Mrs. B. Ephraim, from Oroville, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Goldstein in Santa Ana, the last few months, returns to her home shortly.

Mrs. Senator Jones entertains a party of friends tomorrow evening at her beautiful home in Santa Monica. The cotton will be a feature of the evening.

Miss Violet Goldstein of Santa Monica is the guest of Misses Roth, on Olive street. The young ladies will visit Santa Monica today with a party of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Newton give a pleasant reception to a party of friends next Tuesday evening at their elegant residence previous to the departure of Mr. Newton for the East.

Misses Alla and Franc Rickey of No. 328 West Fifth street went north on the steamer Pomona yesterday. They will be absent ten days, and will visit San Francisco and San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. C. Buchanan of Belleville, Ill., have been seeking health in Los Angeles with such satisfactory results that they have decided to make Los Angeles their permanent home.

Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Lee entertained the members of the Ellis Club last Thursday evening at their home on West Adams street. The cards of invitation stated that there would be "societies," and the guests were accordingly entertained in an exceedingly jolly and delightful style.

A party of sixteen young people, who recently made the trip to Wilson's Peak, were royally entertained last Wednesday evening at the St. Angelo.

Mr. J. W. Payne did the honors as host very gracefully. After an evening of music, cards and dancing, a delicious supper was served in the dining-room.

Mrs. M. Lewis leaves today for Alameda on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Greenberg. She will be accompanied by her younger sister, Mrs. E. Hirschfeld, who was recently married to a prominent business man of San Francisco. Mrs. Lewis expects to spend several months in the northern portion of the State.

CALL AT H. J. VIGNES for testimonials on Bartlett Spring water.

ART AND ARTISTS.

The following pleasant letter is from the pen of Mrs. J. G. Borglum, and will doubtless be of interest to our many readers, as will also our artist's sketch of Mr. Borglum's fine piece of sculpture:

ANVERS-SUR-OISE.

SEINE ET OISE, July 24, 1891.

Dear Sir: I write you a few lines to let you know of some very good news we have received, and which will rejoice all our good friends in Los Angeles, I hope. But before telling you I will explain certain things.

At the time of the exposition in 1889, a large number of the leading French artists, with Messonier at the head, seceded from the old salon (Champs



Elysees) and formed another called the "Kew" (Champs de Mars) or the "Société des Beaux Arts," and opened their salon one year ago, with Messonier as president. Its success was so great that it stirred the ambition of the Champs Elysees, so that the latter this year made new and strict rules to keep out the bad pictures—admit less and make things generally more attractive—so it was said to be, this year, better than ever before. Yet in spite of all this, the new salon this year has been conceded the better, and has been so patronized by President and Mrs. Carnot and the dignitaries of Paris as to be the fashion.

The chief thing that prevents a large exodus of the artists from the "old" to the "new" salon is the fact that the "old" gives medals, which the "new" does not.

In the sculpture of the "new" salon are the two greatest living sculptors, Dalou and Rodin. The latter is considered by critics as equal, and some think superior, to Michael Angelo. Dalou is president of the sculpture department, and P. Puvion de Chavannes is president of the painting. He is one of the greatest living artists, and takes Messonier's place as president of the society.

Mr. Borglum a few days ago received a letter from Puvion de Chavannes, addressing him as dear "confidant" (co-brother), and informing him that at the last session of the Société des Beaux Arts they elected Mr. Borglum an associate member of the Salon Champ de Mars.

This is an honor he expected to work many years before getting, as it is superior to a medal—entitling him to send in his pictures each year without criticism from the jury—and corresponds to "Hors Concours" in the old salon.

Mr. B. intends to make a good exhibit next year. Mr. Borglum has to make some country sketches for a large painting, so we have taken a pretty little French country house of seven rooms, all facing east and southwest with a large garden and a little vineyard, which we enjoy far more than Paris, making trips for sketches on our four-wheeled cycle over the fine landscaped roads. But no attractions here could wean us from Southern California, which we love and admire more than any place on earth.

Mr. Borglum forgot the photo of his statue but will send it today with this. Sincerely yours,

L. BORGUM.

MUSIC.

The members of the Ellis Club were informally but delightfully entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Lee at their residence on Adams street on Thursday night last.

The rehearsals of the mixed choruses of the Apollo Club will begin this week, to continue in regular order.

In the near future the Treble Clef Club will present The Damnation of Faust and the Ellis Club Fecleian David's Desert, both classical and difficult works of great beauty and interest.

The Apollo Club are studying a composition of fascinating and odd character by Dr. Louis Mass, called Will o' the Wisp.

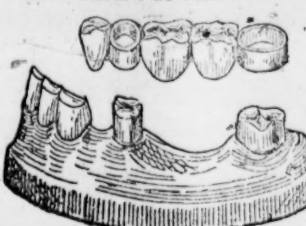
The great interest taken in the plays presented by the Lyceum Company did not entirely obscure the interest taken in the orchestral music, which was unusually good throughout the week.

The San Francisco "Blue-book"—the register of the society "400"—has announced its wish to include among other Angeles, the names of the members of the Ellis, Treble-clef, Apollo and S. M. clubs, with their respective addresses.

The shipment of berries this season to August 1 from Ontario amounts to 23,113 pounds—nearly twelve tons. By the Santa Fé alone, 15,000 pounds were shipped during July—mostly black berries. Ontario makes no specialty of berries, but we believe few of our readers are aware that we are shipping two tons a week. We have already shipped 30,730 pounds of dried apricots, and have two or three carloads more to ship.—(Ontario Record.)

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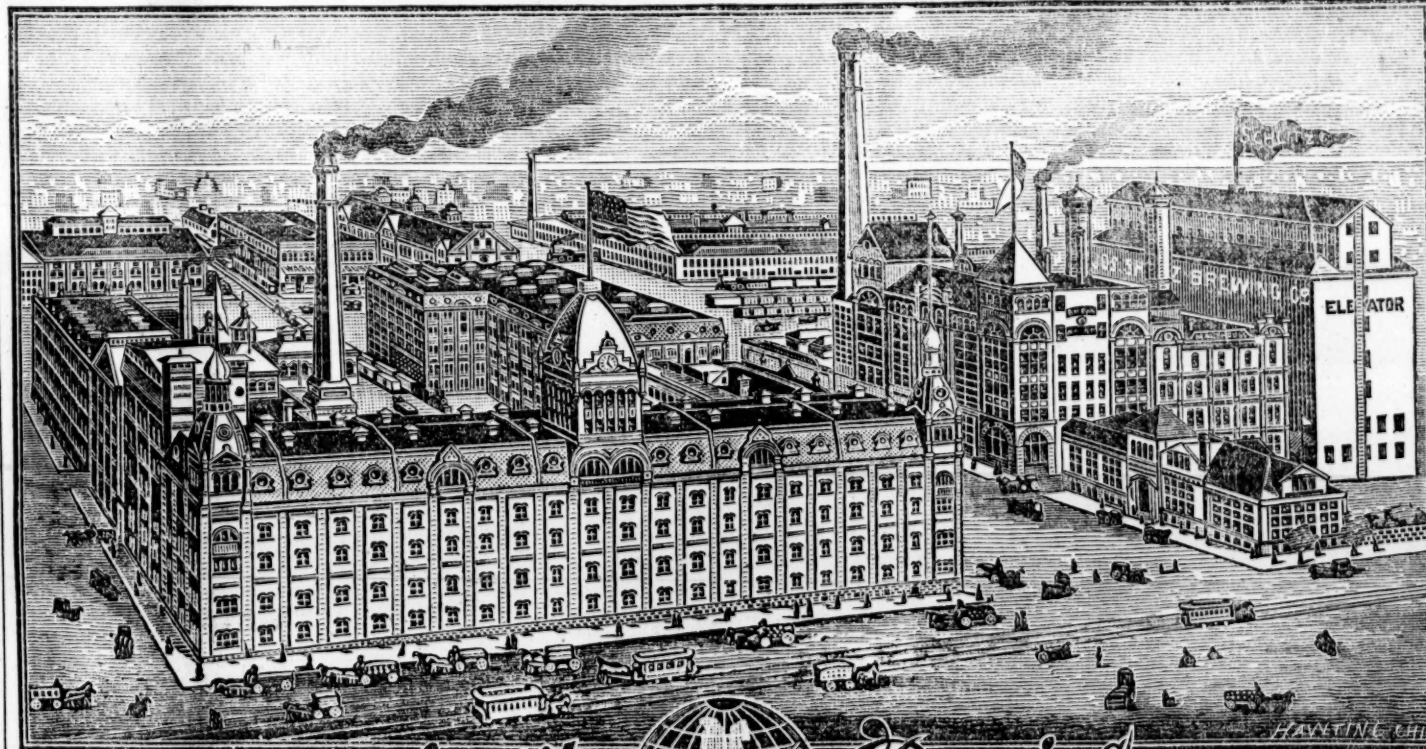
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